

A decorative blue floral border with intricate scrollwork and leaf patterns, framing the central text.

**Thanks, i guess?**

*Junk Food - VI*

**meapuniverse**

## Thanks, i guess? by meapuniverse

**Series:** [Junk Food \[6\]](#)

**Category:** IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

**Genre:** And we all find out why Pennywise saved Reader, Cotton Candy, Gen, In which reader finally decides what to do with the money, No Porn, No Romance, Slow Build, Swearing, Weird Ass Friendship

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**Summary:**

Where the fuck did the money come from? and why the hell did he save you??

You Needed answers, NOW.

And you knew exactly just how to bribe them out of him.

## Thanks, i guess?

### Author's Note:

Hello everyone! Sorry i haven't posted in awhile, life is hard guys, life is hard.

But i finally got this one finished! i have to admit i struggled with it, but i finally got the inspiration to finish it and here it is!

English is not my first language, any errors please let me know!

You were awoken by a headache, mouth dry and body hurting like a bitch.

You couldn't open your eyes, the sun shining through the open curtains felt like it burned you.

"oh god, what year is it" you heard yourself say with a groggy voice. With limbs feeling heavy you looked for your phone, it wasn't where it was supposed to be on the nightstand.

You felt like shit, what had happened?!

You finally got enough strength to open your eyes, why the hell were the curtains open? You always closed them by night, you hated the sun waking you up.

You sat up with a gasp, body crying out in protest.

Now you remembered!

The river, the money, the thief, the police!

Pennywise saving you...

You looked to his writing wall and yes, the message was still there, blood already darkened.

Holy shit that HAD happened.

You fell back into the pillows, closing your eyes and groaning.

The day before had been such a shitday, you were about to die and it hadn't even been the clown's fault!

Ugh you needed to take another set of painkillers, your head and body in general were killing you.

Slowly, you got up, where had you left your cellphone and pills? You hoped in the bathroom, because that's where you were going first.

Once in the bathroom (why the fuck was it so far away?) you turned the lights on, yay your phone was there! You must have left it there before taking your shower the day before.

You checked the time, holy fuck it was already 3 pm!

You really needed those pills.

Those must be on the kitchen if they weren't in the bathroom. Before you left for the kitchen your reflection caught you attention.

The most noticeable thing was the big bruise on your face, from where the thief had slapped you. And just as you predicted, you had a hand shaped bruise from where Pennywise had dragged you through the river. You lifted your shirt, there was some bruising on your side, no fucking wonder it hurt to breath too deep.

You were certainly skipping class tomorrow.

You left the bathroom and went to the kitchen, the pills were on the counter, you took two with a big ass glass of water, god since when did water taste sooo good!

The chair you left to protect the door was still there, at least no one else had tried to rob you. Good. But still, you needed to repair the lock ASAP.

Shit, you had no money for that! Fucking thief should have gone with the-

Wait...you had money...sort of

You had forgotten about the backpack filled with money.

Once you made sure the chair would actually hold up, you went back to your room, the backpack was still there...along with the bloody message, ugh you needed to clean that.

It took you longer than usual, you had to stop several times because your ribs hurt. But once that was done you felt better without the ominous message.

You took the backpack and sat down on the bed, the little blue backpack with stars... if you were sure of something it was that you'll have to get rid of it, if somehow someone recognized it then there would be a problem, and there was no way of explaining where it had come from.

You opened it and started to take bills out of it, some were dirty and smelled like sewer water, you no longer doubted where the money had come from.

This was the clown's victim's money.

But god, there was so much of it, how many people had he killed already?!

You started to count, most of the bills were new, like after the year 2000, but there were some from the 80's.

The more you took out of the backpack the weirder it got.

You had like a hundred bills already out, all of them from 1\$ to 100\$ when you stumbled upon some super valuable monopoly bills!

He really had no concept of money.

You also found fake dollars, like the ones sold at joke shops, and you even got a pack of tissues printed with dollars!

You had to restrain from laughing out loud, your ribs would never forgive you if you did.

Once you were done with the bills you started to take out coins.

Or at least what Pennywise thought were valuable coins.

Ok, most of them were actual valuable money, but there were also others that were not, like

Plastic coins

Soda caps

And shiny buttons

Taking a deep breath, you stifled your laughter, some sick part of your mind found the whole deal adorable, just imagine that, a demonic clown seeing a shiny button and thinking “Hey this will help!”

Once you were done you had your final result

2, 457 with 66 cents.

You felt goosebumps, it was too much.

Derry was still considered a SMALL town, if that was the victim's money then how many fucking people had he killed already?

And didn't he said he killed kids mostly? Even if each kid had had 10\$ in their pockets that would still mean he had killed 245 kids!

And Derry was known as a peaceful place! That many killings were certain to give a bad reputation, but it was as if no one outside of Derry knew how dangerous this town really was.

You turned on your laptop to investigate, last night the officer had told you they had a webpage in case you needed anything (you knew he just wanted to brag about how they finally got a web page, he didn't know it was 10 years later than usual) So you entered the Derry's Police Department webpage.

The information said kids started missing in late September, before that there had been no noticeable incident.

So if that were true then why all the money? There were not enough victims to gather all that money.

Some of the bills were from the 80's which meant then that some kids had been killed in those times, right? You didn't really know how that works.

But you were completely sure all the money hadn't come from just the dead children, he had surely taken it from somewhere! After all, that would explain the monopoly bills and the plastic coins.

Oh geez, what if he had stolen it?!

You needed answers, NOW.

You put all the money in the backpack again, and stood up. You would have to see him again to ask him about it. And anyways you needed to go out to buy a new lock for the door.

With that excuse in mind, you put some fresh clothes, grabbed the backpack and left the apartment, you would have to be quick. Your home was unprotected.

You put the backpack in the trunk of the car, you couldn't let anybody see it.

First you had to go to the ATM, you mom had surely deposited your money already, you would have to call her later to thank her.

You would have to spend less money on food, but buying the door lock was top priority right now.

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One you got to the hardware store you were met with worried faces, oh right, you had a big ass bruise on your face.

You quickly made your way to the lock section and bought something that looked like the one you had, but you also bought one of those chain door locks. That would have to do, your money was limited



and you still didn't know if you would use the one Pennywise had given you, it would depend on the answers he gave you later.

You paid for your things and made your way back to your car, but before you got in a thought startled you.

Should you bring something for him to eat?

Your hand went to the back of your head, where you had the bump from the blow you had received.

He did save you...but why?

You got into your car to think more about it.

Why had he saved you? He always said he could kill you if he so wanted.

Then again, the day before he had comforted you in a way, but you doubted he knew what he was doing.

UGhhhh! It's not like you were ungrateful! But it was fucking confusing!

You had always viewed him as a monster, a cold hearted asshole who lived to consume your money and scare the ever living shit out of you just to have a taste of your "Tasty tasty Fear"

And now all of a sudden he saves you?! Did he really like human food so much then? He had mentioned that none of the things tasted as good as 'fear flavored human meat'.

“Ouch” the painkillers had helped, but with all that thinking your headache was getting worse.

You were certainly in no physical or emotional condition to solve the fucking mysteries of the universe, Right then you had to focus only on the fucking bag of dead people’s/ possibly stolen money.

Then you would go ask him about it, that was a given. There was only one thing left to solve.

What would you bring him to eat? You had to bribe the answers out of him.

You had a feeling that if you were to demand such answers out of him without anything in exchange, then he would rip one of your arms for being such and ‘Ungrateful little human’.

You thought for a minute... until you had the perfect idea!

Holy shit he would love it! It would be the perfect “Thanks for saving my ass even though I know you didn’t meant it that way” gift!

You had seen them at the store before, but you had no more money for them.

Yeah, you would have to tell your mother about the thief, that way you could ask for more money to replace the lock and such. Of course you would change the story, if anybody asked you hadn’t been hurt and no killer clown had saved you from a gun to your head.

Now that you had a plan you went to your regular store, feeling grateful for the variety they had.

You were so excited! It was perfect! Was it wrong to be excited about

it? Like you are buying candy for a monster but gosh he was going to love it!

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Once you had what you wanted you made your way to the picnic zone (new name for it), it was a lot earlier than usual but for some reason you felt he would know you were there.

You grabbed the bag with your new bribing material and got the backpack out of the trunk, making sure there was no one around just in case.

You swore to god, if he tackled you this time you would kick him in the balls (did he had any?...better not think about it).

You made it safely to the usual place, you were breathing heavily, already tired.

Maybe you should have waited until tomorrow, breathing hurt and your head was killing you.

You sat down to rest a little bit, once your head stopped throbbing then you would feel better, or so you hoped.

The sun was still shining, still an hour or two for sundown.

you had already waited for fifteen minutes, where the fuck was that clown? You were sure he would find you there, but so far nothing.

You were about to stand up to leave when you felt something falling on your shoulder, you didn't have to look at it to know that it was fucking saliva.

'Disgusting disgusting disgusting! Keep it together you are here to thank him and to demand some answers you have to be NICE' you thought before screeching.

You got up to look at him, he was watching you with narrowed eyes.

“what are you doing here?” he growled.

“I uhh.. I came to thank you, about yesterday” you told him, not meeting his eyes.

“I don’t know what you are talking about”

Ok you weren’t expecting this what the fuck?

You were looking at him, he was avoiding your stare, practically ignoring you.

“Oh yeah right, nothing happened, I just came by to give you something I thought you would like” you were going to play his game then, maybe once he was eating what you brought he would accept.

He finally looked at you, his eyes turning yellow “I did not tell you to come today, you can’t show up whenever you want”

“Oh all right, sorry. Then I’ll go, what I brought can wait until then I guess...”

You made to leave, but he stopped you “well, if you couldn’t spend more time without me then I should grace you with my presence” he said chuckling darkly, eyes going back to green.

Cunt

You took a seat and he did the same, if you ignored the time of the day you could pretend it was another usual day of feeding the clown.

You passed him the first bag of his surprise

“This is cotton candy in a bag, it sugar, a lot of it” you told him, watching his expression change to suspicion

“But I thought cotton candy was on a stick? It’s sold at the circus not in a bag” he told you with a pout, as if you were tricking him

“Open the bag carefully and take it out if you don’t believe me”

He used a newly transformed claw to open the bag, seeing the contents of it and frowning

“Cotton candy is supposed to be fluffy” he said, looking at it with disgust.

You were starting to lose patience.

“This is the only way to get it if it’s not at a carnival, just try it!” you practically yelled at him (Shit, did you just almost yelled at the local demon? Holy shit you were dead)

Instead he growled at you and took a piece of the candy from the bag, the thing sticking in his claws. He seemed absolutely disgusted by it but curious, so with one last look at you as if to confirm he was supposed to eat it, he put it in his mouth.

You had never seen an expression change so quickly from suspicions to absolute wonder.

His eyes turned bright blue and his teeth became the buck teeth you had seen only once before.

He ripped the bag open and grabbed the whole thing with his claw, no longer caring about how sticky it could get.

He munched the cotton candy from his hand, not caring about how his face was getting stained.

Ha! You knew he would love it!

He finished it and looked at you for more, you gave him two more bags (you had bought 12 of them) and he ripped them just the same, both claws covered by the candy.

You guessed this was the moment to ask, blue eyes and buck teeth meant total safety.

“So, I was just wondering...do you know what money is?” you asked him.

He was licking his claws clean “It’s the thing in the backpack I gave

you” he said once he was done.

You gave him another two bags and he went to eat them right away

“Yes, that’s money. But how did you know where to find it?” you asked distractedly, pretending it wasn’t a big deal

“Old bodies and dark places” he answered, he seemed unaware that he was actually answering

Your head throbbed again, fuck that was the worst answer possible!

“ugh goooood whyyyyyy?” you whined. Suddenly his claw was on your shoulder

He had finished already, he wanted more

You gave him the rest of the bags, you already had your answer.

While he ripped the bags open to get fistfuls of cotton candy you were having a discussion with yourself.

So that WAS the victim’s money! But there was so much how in the hell was there so much, and that didn’t explain the monopoly bills and such

“What do you mean by dark places?” you asked, but he didn’t answer, he was too busy stuffing his face with candy.

You thought you wouldn’t get an answer until

“Dark places... where people forget things...under houses, metal boxes” he replied, already licking his fingers clean

Metal boxes? Oh shit OH SHIT HE STOLE IT FROM A SAFE?!

You put your face in your hands and groaned loudly

Now you wouldn't use the money, you COULDN'T use it, it was stolen! You could have worked around the dead people thing they wouldn't miss it but shit, now it was stolen money what if someone reported it and they would come for you and-

“Ugh, you stink again, wasn't it enough money?!” he told you angrily, absolutely offended you were interrupting his snack with you awful smell

“NO! no no that's enough” you told him, looking at him and doing a double take

Half of his face was pink and blue, his lips looked purple with the combination.

Gosh, the scene was so surreal! The local demon clown was sitting beside you, his face a mess from the cotton candy...at least it wasn't blood.

“That money is yours, I protected it from the other human, isn't that how it works?” he asked annoyed.

You weren't about to explain him the whole economy thing of this



world.

“Oh...you were protecting the money” you said, coming to the realization that he in fact didn’t give a single fuck about you.

It’s not like you wanted him to, but you kind of thought he wasn’t such an asshole.

“Well, it did take me some time so gather it all, I took some of my valuable time just so I could stand being around you” he told you, licking the last of the cotton candy off his claws.

You needed to say it “Still, thank you...even if it wasn’t your intention, you kinda saved my life so...yeah”

He ignored you, once he realized you had no more candy for him he got up and stared to walk, ‘to the sewer entrance’ you guessed

Next time you blinked he had disappeared.

Well, nobody could say you had no manners, you thanked him for saving your life even if that wasn’t his intention and he totally pretended it never happened.

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You went back home, backpack still full of money.

You put it in your room and then took another set of painkillers, you still had to fix the door so you googled some instructions and got to it.

And hour later it was back to normal, it wasn’t the best work you had

done but it would hold.

You could ignore it no more, you needed to make a decision.

On one hand, it was dead people's money, they wouldn't miss it but you considered it somewhat disrespectful

And on the other hand, the clown had made it clear that some of it (maybe most) was stolen from "dark places" as he called them.

And you were sure if you didn't use it and he found out (and he surely would, bitch was apparently watching you constantly) he would rip your arms for being an 'Ungrateful human'

Use it or not use it?

Okay you should...

Call your mother, you had to thank her for the weekly money and tell her about the thief.

Once you hung up with your mother you got into bed. It was still early but you needed time to think about stuff.

In the end, you didn't tell your mother about the thief.

She sounded tired, she was having problems in her workplace. It was bad, she could get fired.

Of course, being the wonderful being she is, she said you didn't have to worry about it, and that she would find another job if she so needed to maintain you where you were. After all, you were studying hard at college and you deserved it, or so she said.

You felt bad, you were spending the money she worked so hard to give you on feeding a killer clown.

You heaved a deep sigh, you had your answer now.

You would use the money only to feed the clown and you would respect the money your mother send for you and only use it for yourself.

You weren't 100% ok with it but it sounded fair.

Once you resolved it, you could finally sleep in peace.

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Pennywise had been watching you.

After you couldn't take care of your own life the night before, he was going to make sure you actually got inside the house, usually he left once your car was close enough to your home.

He had seen the thief watching you from afar yesterday, he didn't think much of it. There were a lot of sketchy people on Derry, hiding in the shadows. He had actually gotten himself a couple meals feasting on those who didn't want to be seen.

Even if his eyes couldn't see you, he could sense you. He could sense everyone on Derry, feeling when a kid was in distress and going for a snack if necessary.

He usually didn't focus on adults, their energy had a different frequency from children. It was too heavy to be focusing his energy on something he wouldn't eat. Better focus on children.

You were the exception. He told himself he only focused on you because he didn't want to lose his provider of human food. He was actually planning on keeping you around until he went to sleep, and maybe train you to wait for him for 27 years.

That's why when he sensed you in distress the day before, he appeared, not to save you no, he thought he could grab a snack if you got scared by a spider or something, humans were ridiculous and would get scared of their own planet's animals.

But once he saw the other human in your apartment he waited to see what would happen, for some reason he didn't want to think about, he felt annoyed when the thief hit you, maybe it was because he wasn't the one doing it.

And then he started to yell about the money, really? That's why he broke into your apartment and attacked you? Why were humans so obsessed with the stuff? They all tried to protect it from others and still there you were completely helpless and not even trying!

He had taken his own valuable time to look for it! And there you were practically letting the guy take it from your hands, doing a lousy job at keeping the generous gift he had put so much of his precious time preparing.

Ungrateful, Ungrateful, ungrateful!

Oh great, now the guy had a weapon, you were going to get killed and robbed. So he had wasted time on you and now he would lose human food too!?

No way

Once he had gotten the guy off from you he played with it a little bit, he preferred children completely but oh well, a free snack is never wasted.

Once he threw it out the window he looked at you, you smelled surprised of course, the lack of fear at seeing him was bothering him a little bit but he guessed the way the guy had hurt you had something to do with it, he would fix that later.

Loud noise made him react, those cop things had arrived so he left you to it, his night snack waiting for him.

Once he had taken the new corpse to his lair he went back to your place, not to check on you, he had to leave you a message to remind you of what you were supposed to do with what he had given you, stupid human.

You were in the bathroom, the idea of scaring you crossed his mind but he dismissed it, he doubted you would react properly and wasting his time on not scaring you properly just didn't sound appealing.

Once in your bedroom he wrote the message, a clear instruction so your little human brain could understand it.

Maybe he should tell you in person, that way he would get his point across.

He made himself invisible, something he did all the time, and waited for you to get out of the bathroom.

Once you got into your room he watched you change, human bodies were weird when they were alive, he knew how many bones they had, how their muscles looked and worked and how all of their organs were accommodated in there. It was unnatural to him to see all of them working together in plain view without tearing them apart.

When you were dressed he was about to announce his presence to you but something made him stop.

Your eyes and face in general, you looked so tired already, he had only seen that face on dying bodies before exhaling their last breath.

In that state you wouldn't appreciate his warning as you should, you would most likely believe it had been a dream and the impact of it would be lost.

He saw you fall face first into the bed and turn off the lamp, only then noticing the message he had left for you.

"Asshole" he heard you say, and then you were out like a light.

And now here he was, making sure you didn't get killed after you had brought him that delicious thing that you had claimed was cotton candy (He had never tasted it, but he knew it was supposed to be on a stick so that thing couldn't have been REAL cotton candy).

Once you fixed the door, he left you alone, there was no one watching from afar this time so he guessed you would be able to survive until next day.

You were one weird human, no one had ever thanked him for

ANYTHING.

Oh well, he had no use on thinking about it, there was a runaway kid hiding in the park.

It was time for some tasty tasty fear.

### **Author's Note:**

Now Reader can focus on feeding the clown without worrying about the money!

Fucked up fact: The part where the mom was having problems in her workplace was completely made up, but once i wrote it it happened to my mom! i'm horrible, i caused it! i'll have to write about it and fix it next time or else our life will be ruined :(

And yeah i apologise if Pennywise's part was like weirdly placed but i had to put it somewhere.  
Thank you for reading!